The Snowshoe Trail

Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bill Bronson undertakes to lead Virginia Tremont to her fiance, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished in the Clearwater of northern Canada six years previously. Disaster parts them from her fiance's uncle, Kenly Lounsbury, and the cook, Vosper, who complete the party. Bill and Virginia are snowed in in one of his trapping cabins. Bill presses a double quest, for the lost mine of his murdered father and for Harold. He finds the latter, who has turned "squaw man."

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Bill realized at once that this new development did not in the least affect his own duty. His job had been to find Harold and return him to Virginia. This snirch in Harold's life was a question for the two to settle between them.

It did, however, complicate the work of regeneration. Bill had known squaw men before, and few of them had ever regenerated.

Harold shrugged once more. "And is it anybody's business but my own?" he asked.

"It hadn't ought to be, but it is," was the answer. "It's my business, and somebody else's, too." He turned to the woman. "You're Joe Robinson's sister, Sindy, aren't you?"

The Indian looked up, nodded, then went to her work.

"Then you left Buckshot Dan—to come here and live with this white man?"

Harold turned to her with a snarl. "Don't answer him, Sindy. It's none of his business." Then his smoldering eyes met Bill's. "Now we've talked enough. You can go."

"I've got one question, Lounsbury—do you think, by any chance—you've got any manhood left? Do you think you're rotten clear through?"

Harold leaped then, savage as a wolf, and instantly his rifle swung in his arms. Bill's form, impassive before seemed simply to waken with life. Seemingly with one motion he wrenched the gun from the man's hand and sent him spinning against the wall.

"Before you start anything more, hear what I've got to offer you." His voice lowered, and the words came rather painfully. "It's your one chance, Lounsbury—to come back, Virginia Tremont has come into the north looking for you. She's at my camp. She wants to take you back with her."

Lounsbury's breath caught with a strange, sobbing sound. "Virginia—up here?" he cried. "Does she know about—this—" He indicated the cabin interior, and all it meant, with one sweep of his arm.

"Of course not. How could she? Whether you tell her or not is a matter for you and she to decide. She's come to find you—and bring you back."

"My God! To the states?"

"Of course."

For the instant the black wrath had left his face, and his thoughts swung backward to his own youth—to the days he had known Virginia in a far-off city. He was more than a little awed at this manifestation of her love.

But quickly the expression of his face changed, and Bill couldn't have explained the wave of revulsion that surged through him. He only knew a blind desire to tear with his strong fingers those leering lips before him. Harold was lost in insidious speculations. He remembered the girl's beauty, the grace and litheness of her form, the holy miracle of her kisses. Opposite him sat his squaw—swarthy, unclean, shapeless. Perhaps it wasn't too late yet—

"You won't tell her—about Sindy?"

"Not as long as you're decent. That's for you to settle for yourself—whether she finds out about her."

X

"Build a fire and put on some water to heat—fill up every pan you have," Bill instructed Sindy.

"What's that for?" Harold asked.

"You didn't think I was going to take you looking like you do, do you—into Virginia's presence? The first thing on the program is—a bath." He turned once more to Sindy. "And see what you can do about this gentleman's clothes, too; if he's got any clean underwear or any other togs, load 'em out."

"Anything else?" Harold asked sarcastically.

"Yes, shave! And when you bathe, bathe all over—don't spare your face or your hair. Water may seem strange at first, but you'll get used to it."

An hour wrought a profound and amazing change in the man's appearance. He had conscientiously gone to work to cleanse himself, and he had succeeded. His hair, dull before, was a glossy dark-brown now, he had shaved off the matted growth about his lips, leaving only a small, neat mustache; his hair was trimmed and carefully parted. The man's skin had also resumed its natural shade.

For the first time Bill realized that Harold was really a rather handsome man.

"There's one thing, before we start," Bill said. "I want you to tell these understrappers of yours to take that squaw and clear out of Clearwater."

The half-breeds, understanding perfectly, looked to Harold for confirmation.

"Go, as he says," Harold directed.

One asked a question in the Indian vernacular.

Harold glanced once at Bill's face, saw by his expression that he was baffled, and answered in the same language.

Once more the Indian questioned, and Harold hesitated an instant, as if seeking an answer. It seemed to the other white man that his eye fell to the rifle that Bill carried. Then he spoke again, gesturing. The gesture that he made was four fingers held before the Indian's eyes. Then he announced that he was ready to go.

During the long trudge through the snow, from Harold's camp to Bill's cabin, the two men spoke not a word. Harold's mind was busy with dark and devious thoughts, crafty schemes and desires more kindred to lust than to love. Bill's thoughts were more for Virginia than for himself; would his loss be equalized by her gain?

As they neared the cabin they saw the candle light, like a pale ghost, in the window. Virginia was still up, reading, perhaps, before the fire.

"Wait," Bill commanded. "There's one thing more. I've brought you here. I've given you your chance—for redemption. God knows if I had my choice I'd have killed you first. She's not going to know about the squaw, unless you tell her. Nor about the filth you lived in. Those matters are all for you to decide. I won't interfere."

He paused, and Harold waited.

"But don't forget I'm here," he went on. "I work for her—until she gets out of my charge I'm her guide, her protector, the guardian of her happiness. That's all I care about—her happiness. I don't know whether or not I did wrong to bring a squaw man to her—but if you're man enough to hold her love and make her happy, it doesn't matter. But I give—one warning."

His voice changed. It took on a quality of infinite and immutable prophecy. In the darkness and the silence the voice might have come from some higher realm, speaking the irrevocable law of the forst gods.

"She'll be more or less in your

"It's I," Harold answered. "We've come together—at last."

power at times, up here. I won't be with you every minute. But if you take one jot of advantage of that fact—either in word or deed—I'll break you and smash you and kill you in my hands!"

He waited an instant for the words to go home. Harold shivered as if with cold.

"Go on in," he said. "She's waiting for you."

XI

"Who's there?" Virginia called. "Is it you, Bill?"

"It's not Bill," the answer came. "But he's here."

"Who is it?" she asked again, steadily as she could.

"It's I—Harold Lounsbury. Bill told me to come."

Virginia for the moment stood still, trying to quiet her leaping heart and her fluttering nerves. Her hands clasped her breast, then she walked to the threshold and opened the door.

Harold Lounsbury stepped through, blinking in the candlelight.

"Harold!" she murmured unsteadily. She tried to smile. "Is it really you, Harold?"

"It's I," he answered. "We've come together—at last."

The words seemed to rally her scattered faculties.

Instinctively her eyes swept his face and form. All doubt was past; this man was unquestionably Harold. Yet she was secretly and vaguely shocked.

He seized her hands in both of his. "Virginia," he cried. "My God, I can't believe it's you!"

She remained singularly cool in the ardor of his cry. "Why didn't you write?" she asked. "Why didn't you come home?"

The question, instead of embarrassing him further, put Harold at his ease. He had prepared for just these queries.

"I did write," he cried. "Why didn't you answer?"

She stared at him in amazement. "You did—you say you wrote me?"

"Wrote! I wrote a dozen times. And I never received a word—except from Jules Nathan."

"But Jules Nathan—Jules Nathan is dead!"

"He is?" But Harold's surprise was feigned. This was one piece of news that had trickled through the wastes to him—of the death of Jules Nathan, a man known to them both. It was safe to have heard from him. The contents of the letter could never be verified. "He told me—after I'd written many times, and never got an answer—that you were engaged to be married—to a Chicago man. I thought you'd forgotten, but—six years of separation had wrought their changes. She felt that she needed time to become adjusted to him.

"Where's Bill?" she asked. She turned to the door and called. "Bill, where are you?"

His voice seemed quite his own when he answered from the stillness of the night. "I'll be in in a moment—I was just getting a load of wood."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

—oo—

BANANAS.

Try using the not quite ripe bananas as a vegetable some time. Cut the fruit in half and stew for 25 minutes in a little water. Drain, cover with cream sauce such as is used for cauliflower, and serve hot.

—oo—

CREPE.

If crepe needs freshening bring the water in the tea kettle to boiling point and then pass the crepe back and forth in the steam. The result will be a fabric almost like new.

—oo—

U. S. circuit court judges get $8500 a year.

BORROWED HUSBANDS

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

LXXXIII—A DISQUIETING ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Langwell stood quite still, while the imprint of Nancy's blow began to show red across his face.

The fact that he remained silent changed Nancy's fury to a species of fear.

She backed slowly away from him, her eyes fixed on his face in a kind of fascination. She could read nothing in that calm expressionless mask which he seemed to have slipped on over the embers of passion which had glowed brightly in his eyes a moment before.

"How dare you!" whispered Nancy, feeling the ridiculous inadequacy of it.

He made no reply for a moment, and when he did speak, it was in a curiously even tone.

"I'm not trying to emulate any desperate Desmond of the melodramas when I tell you that some day you will pay a pretty price for what you have just done."

Nancy managed a laugh.

"'Colses!' says the villain! My very doctor, did no girl ever before slap you for kissing her?"

He smiled reluctantly.

"My kisses are generally received with more appreciation."

"Then give me credit for being a new experience," suggested Nancy. "And one not wholly unpleasant?" questioningly.

"So new and so pleasant that I could not dream of abandoning it. You said you were returning to New York tomorrow, did you not? I also am going East."

Nancy stared at him in amazement. "Surely not on my account?"

"Ostensibly—no. It can easily be arranged, however."

"I don't like it," declared Nancy.

He smiled.

"I thought you wouldn't."

"And therefore you're doing it deliberately to be hateful."

"After what happened tonight, I have no consideration for you whatever," he told her coolly. "Once before, on different grounds, we declared war. The occasion for the declaration of our hostilities has since been removed, but another, even more pressing, has been substituted. I warn you I give you no quarter."

"That is obvious. Give me credit for a little intelligence," said Nancy, flippantly. "I can't truthfully say that I would voluntarily choose you for an enemy, but I will admit that you are a foe worthy of my steel."

"I dare say you will send out a call for help when you find yourself in a tight place," he said with a slight sneer.

"There is no one to receive it if I do."

"Your husband?"

"I have always fought my own battles. I won't start asking for assitance now. I don't consider you sufficiently dangerous in spite of what Connie Stanley says," she added with fine bravado.

His brows lifted interrogatively.

"Do you know Mrs. Stanley?"

"No, but she knows you, and she tells me you are a bold bad man."

"You flatter me. I did not know that my reputation had preceded me to the East."

"According to Connie, you have already left a trail of broken hearts there."

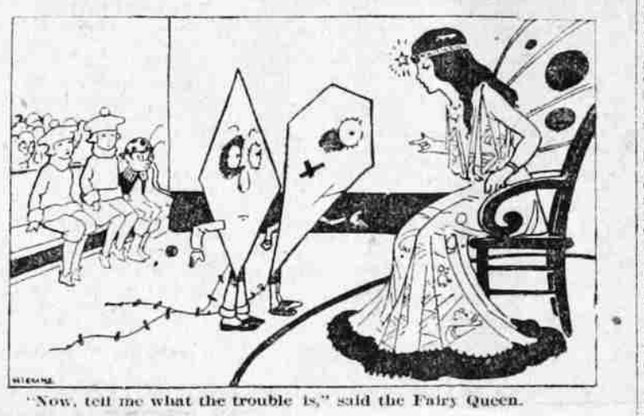
His complacent smile was indication that her flattery was having the desired effect. It seemed almost unbelievable to Nancy that a man of his mental attainments would respond to such crude treatment, but she felt relieved that his good humor was being restored beyond the shadow of a doubt.

His parting words as he bade her goodnight proved, however, that she had not won the engagement:

"I think that we better take the Twentieth Century tomorrow. I'll have my secretary see about reservations."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



"Now, tell me what the trouble is," said the Fairy Queen.

"Now, tell me what the trouble is about," said the Fairy Queen to the two battered looking kites.

Nancy, Nick and Buskins had taken seats in the front row of the courtroom and they could hear and see everything that went on.

"They have been fighting again, your highness," said the policeman-kite, coming forward and making a stiff bow. "It's the old trouble again. They've been jealous of each other these hundred years and they are getting worse instead of better."

The Fairy Queen turned her kind eyes reprovingly on the offenders. "Tut, tut, tut," she said. "This will never do! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? I keep this part of my kingdom, the Land-of-Up-in-the-Air, just to make you happy and here you are acting like sillies.

"Dear only knows, when you kites get away from the strings 'n' things that tie you to earth, you make a beeline for the sky as quick as you ever can. Why do you come if you cannot be happy?" she asked severely.

"I would be happy if it wasn't for this fellow," said the first kite. "He knows I am the most important, but he won't say so.

"Why, I've been written about in all the history books down on the earth and the children study about me.

"I'm the kite that carried the cord that pulled the rope that drew the cable that started the bridge—"

"Oh, goodness!" cried the second kite, "we've heard it a million times!"

Then he turned to the Fairy Queen. "As for me, your majesty, I am Benjamin Franklin's silk kite," he said, "I went up into the clouds during a storm and discovered electricity!"

And he held himself so straight that he nearly fell over backwards.

The Twins wondered how the Fairy Queen was going to decide the question. But Buskins said to wait.

(To Be Continued)

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BEDTIME STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SOFT CANDY

Once upon a time when Uncle Wiggily was sitting in his hollow stump bungalow all alone for Nurse Jane had gone out, there came a knock on the front door.

"Can that be Nurse Jane back so early?" thought the bunny gentleman, as he arose from his easy chair. "I hardly think so. And I had better take a look through the side window before I open the door, as it may be that bad Bob Cat coming to nibble my ears because I fooled him at the snow house the other day."

Uncle Wiggily looked through the side window out on the porch and his heart stopped beating fast when he saw Toodle Flat Tail, one of the beaver boys, just about to knock again.

"Come in, Toodle! Come in!" called Uncle Wiggily, opening the door. "I'm glad you aren't the bad Bob Cat!"

"I'm glad, too," laughed the beaver, flapping his broad, flat tail against the side of the stoop to knock off the snow. "Is Nurse Jane home, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Why, no, my muskrat lady housekeeper isn't in," said Uncle Wiggily. "Did you want her for anything special, Toodle?"

"Well, just to make some candy," answered the beaver boy.

"Candy!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Ah, yes, I remember, you always did have a sweet tooth, Toodle my boy. But why did you come to have Nurse Jane make candy? Can't your mother make it for you?"

"No, she is too busy" the beaver boy answered. "Besides, Nurse Jane promised that if I'd come over some day this week she would make me some candy. I want to take home a little to my brother Noodle, also."

"That's very kind of you," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'm sure Noodle will like the candy. But Nurse Jane isn't home—she has gone down to the six and seven cent store to buy a new piano. How would it do if I made some candy for you?"

"Can you?" asked Toodle.

"Well, I can try," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "There's nothing like trying, whether it's making candy or saying your lessons in school. Come on down to the kitchen, Toodle, and we'll try our paws at making some candy. It needs to be sweet—I know that much."

Uncle Wiggily took some sugar, molasses and honey, and putting them in a pan he boiled them on the stove. Soon a most lovely odor filled the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow.

"It smells just like candy!" cried Toodle, clapping his paws.

"Oh, I guess it will be candy all right," Uncle Wiggily said, as he poured the sweet, hot stuff out in a buttered pan, as the beaver boy said his mother did when she made candy.

"It looks awful sticky," Toodle remarked, as he saw how hard it was for the bunny gentleman to scrape the candy out of the pan with a spoon.

That's because it's warm yet," Uncle Wiggily explained. "We'll set the candy out on the steps in the snow to cool and when it is cool it will be hard and not sticky."

The pan of candy was set out to cool, but Toodle was so anxious to taste it that he kept opening the door every other minute, and reaching out to see if the candy has begun to harden.

"It's stocky yet, Uncle Wiggily," said the beaver boy, after several trials. "Maybe it's going to be soft candy instead of hard candy. Eh, what?"

"Maybe," said the bunny. "Well, soft candy is as good as hard, I guess. I'll bring it in and we'll see about it."

Surely enough the candy was very soft, and, oh, so sticky! It stuck to the paws of Uncle Wiggily and Toodle when they touched it and as for chewing it—why it stuck their teeth together like glue!

"I guess I didn't boil the candy long enough, or else I boiled it too long," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Never mind!" laughed Toodle. "It's good and sweet if it is sticky. I can suck on it if I can't chew it!"

Toodle was just putting another blob of the soft, sticky candy in his mouth, when through the open door in bounced the Fuzzy Fox.

"What is good and sweet?" howled the Fox. "Ha! I know; you don't need to tell me! Uncle Wiggily's ears are good and sweet!"

"And so is this candy Uncle Wiggily just made!" quick said Toodle, holding a plate full of it out toward the Fox. "Try some soft candy, Mr. Fox, before you nibble any ears!"

All right—I will!" howled the Fox. "I'll eat a lot of this sweet candy and then I'll nibble Uncle Wiggily." The bad chap stuffed a big blob of candy into his mouth. He shut his teeth down on it hard and then—oh, then!

Well, that Fox jumped up in the air, and he tried to howl, but he couldn't, because his jaws were held tightly shut by the sticky candy he had bitten on. The Fox took his paws, and tried to pry open his mouth so he could bite Toodle or the bunny, but he couldn't. The soft candy held his mouth tightly closed.

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily. Take the broomstick to him and drive him out!" called Toodle. So the Fuzzy Fox, who couldn't bite, was driven from the bungalow, his jaws glued shut with soft candy. Uncle Wiggily and Toodle knew enough not to bite on the sticky stuff. They let it melt in their mouths, and, really, except for being sticky the candy was very good.

So things might have been much worse, you see and if the slice of cake doesn't try to hide in the bread pudding when the ice cream wants to play tag, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the hard candy.

—oo—

Asia has a population of $30,000,000.

Dorothy Dix Talks

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

THE SPONGERS

A woman correspondent writes:

"I have a woman friend, who is a pretty and a charming woman, and of whom I am really very fond, but who makes a free hotel of my house. I am not lacking in a hospitable spirit, but my husband is a poor man, and we are struggling with might and main to get a start in the world, and I do not feel that it is right to burden him with the extra expense that company always entails. How is one to rid one's self of a friendly grafter?"

Lord knows, I don't. I suppose that there is no other piece of information for which a long-suffering public so hungers and thirsts as for a reliable recipe for detaching these human sponges from the easy marks on which they have fastened themselves. For few of us are so lucky as not to be forced into doing the sturdy oak stunt to some parasitic clinging vine that has fastened itself about us, and that we lack the nerve to cut away.

We all know what we ought to do. We ought to slam our door in the faces of those who visit us merely to gain free board and lodging. We ought to put a Yale lock on our pocketbooks, and refuse to hand out to the social panhandlers, but we haven't the backbone to do it. We go along letting the dead beats work us, and we deserve exactly what we get for being the poor weaklings that we are.

The chief of these grafters— the really big sponge—is the relative who believes that a blood tie is a financial bond, and that because you happen to be kin to her you are under obligations to support her. Nine-tenths of the families you know are the prey of this sort of a hanger-on.

A woman's husband dies, or her parents die, and her home is broken up. She forthwith goes and settles down upon her nearest kin, and if she is poor she expects them to support her the balance of her days, no matter how straightened in circumstances her victims are, nor how husky and able-bodied she is. Many a boy is kept out of college, many a girl is deprived of the pretty clothes that would give her a chance to make good marriage because Aunt Fannie, or Cousin Sallie, is sponging on the family and soaking up all the money that might go for advantages for the children.

Very often people are spiritual parasites as well as financial ones. The happiness of unnumbered families is shattered by the presence in it of a mother-in-law who has come to live with her son or daughter because she was lonesome. She knows she is a source of discord, and that she is endangering the stability of the home itself, but she stays on. Spongers have no fine feelings that make them sensitive to the good of others.

Apparently, it never occurs to the parasitic woman that it is a disgraceful thing for any woman who is not old, or sick, to expect anyone else to support her. Nor does it occur to the parasitic mother that she is doing her children a deadly wrong when she takes her happiness at the expense of theirs.

I know of nothing that would make more for the general well being than for us to have the courage to tell Aunt Fannie and Cousin Sallie to get out and get a job, to roll up their sleeves and go to work, and be independent and self-respecting citizens, as they cannot be while they are disgruntled dependents, knowing they are unwanted burdens.

And, oh, how many tears, and heartaches, and divorces it would save if son and daughter could only say, "Dear mother, keep your own home. Stay among your old friends. Take some boarders to give you an occupation, or board yourself. Have your own life. You will really be so much better off than you will be scrapping with your son-in-law, or your daughter-in-law."

Next in the pestilential brood of spongers is the self-invited guest. Few of us are afflicted with pen paralysis. The telephone and the telegraph still perform their appointed function, and it is reasonably sure that anyone who is pining for a visit from us has ample opportunity of making his or her desire for our society known to us. We may also infer with absolute certainty that if we are not asked we are not wanted.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, there are hordes of people so lost to all sense of decency that they do not hesitate to plump down on you, bag and baggage, as a pleasant surprise, or to drop you a little note in which they tell how they pine to see you, and ask if it will be convenient for them to come by the next Wednesday's 2 o'clock train.

Everybody who lives in a big city is the pre-ordained victim of these grafters, who thriftily save their hotel and restaurant bills by sticking up their friends and acquaintances.

As for country places, nobody but millionaires can afford them because of the self-invited guests who descend on the unfortunate owners of seaside cottages, and mountain camps, and eat them out of house and home.

Everybody knows these dead beats for what they are, and why we have not the nerve to tell them that we are not taking boarders, but that the hotels and restaurants are still doing business at the old stand. Heaven only knows. But we don't. We stand for it like the poor simps we are.

The woman who borrows small sums of money and never pays them back; who borrows your hat or your cloak and sends them back half ruined, the woman who never pays her own street car fare, or her share of the treats, is a petty grafter whom we all despise, and whose depredations we should refuse to countenance any longer.

Don't be a sponge. It is the most contemptable object in all nature.

—oo—

Dorothy Dix's articles appear in this newspaper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

IS IT YOURS?

HENRY IV OF CASTILE
January 6, 1425

Henry IV of Castile was surnamed "the Spendthrift" and "the Weakling." He possessed most of the unpleasant characteristics of the ancient kings of history and very few of the pleasant ones.

He was born at Valladolid in the northern part of Spain in 1425. He was physically weak, rather ugly and mentally very stupid. He was an undutiful son and his reign was one long period of national confusion.

He divorced his first wife, Blanche, when he was 28 years old. Fifteen years later he married Joan of Portugal. That same year, because of his cruel treatment of his wife and also because Castile had had as much of him as they wanted, he was solemnly deposed. His brother Alphonso was made king instead.

Alphonso died within a year and Henry was restored to his throne. The last years of his life were spent trying to force his half-sister, Isabella, to marry a man she hated and then to exclude her from the throne at his death. He did not succeed in either attempt.

He died in Madrid in 1474 and his sister succeeded him to the throne.

(Copyright, 1922, George Matthew Adams)

—oo—

LITTLE BENNY

By LEE PAPE.

Pop was smoaking and thinking and I was doing my homewerk agenst my will, and I sed, Say pop.

Say it, sed pop. Meaning wat, and I sed, I think, maybe I gess Ill be a docter wen I grow up.

Thats a good thawt, sed pop, if there werent eny docters there would be mutch more sickness than there is, but as it is, with so meny docters erround peeple are afraid to get sick.

And he kep on smoaking and thinking, and I sed, Well hay pop, I dont think Ill be a docter after all, you haff to have wiskers to be a good docter and I dont wunt wiskers. Id drather have peeple see wat I look like. I gess maybe I think Im going to be a lawyer.

Thats a good profession, Im willing, sed pop, lawyers are one of the noblest classes of mankind, they see that justice is done to all, rich and poor, espeshilly rich, and wen it comes to collecting fees they give the rest of us a valuable objeck lessin in prompness.

Well, I don't know, I dont think Ill be a lawyer, too meny peeple make joaks about lawyers and liars, I sed I think Ill be a electkric engineer, I sed, and pop sed thats another good ideer and you have my permission and best wishes, but stick to your job this time because Im getting kind of giddy.

And he kep on smoaking and thinking, and after a wile I sed, O well I don't know I think maybe I gess Ill be a elevater man.

Do your lessins, sed pop.

Wich I did.

—oo—

HERMAN KURTZTISCH
Milwaukee, Wis.

"When it comes to eating, working and sleeping I'm like a different man from what I was a short time ago," said Herman Kurtztisch, 400 1-2 Norris Place, Milwaukee, with the Northwestern Life Insurance Co., in relating his experience with Tanlac.

"My whole system was about to give way as a result of two years' constant suffering from stomach trouble and I was so run down and worn out I was hardly able to work. I actually dreaded to eat, as after every meal I suffered so terribly from heartburn, and I was so nervous I got little rest day or night.

"If it hadn't been for Tanlac I'm firmly convinced I would have had to resign my place. It came to my aid in the nick of time and I am strong for it. Tanlac was worth at least fifty times what it cost me."

Tanlac is sold in Ogden by A. R. McIntyre Dry Co. and other leading druggists.—Advertisement.

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

GREATER THAN VICTORY

I thought I'd done a dreadful thing,
My hope had fallen fluttering
And I had failed where I had tried
For conquest and its touch of pride,
I'd done my best and it had lost
But quickly I was reconciled.
She heard my story through, and smiled.

"What matters it?" she said to me,
"We did not need the victory."
Then Bud came bounding through the door,
And helter-skelter on the floor
I romped with him, forgetting there
The hurt of failure and despair,
As happy at the close of day
As though success had come my way.

Bud and his mother—blessed pair!
Were proof against the stings of care.
They would not change or love me less
Because I faltered in success.
They did not, to be proud of me,
Always require a victory,
And though despair had left me glum,
They still would smile to see me come.

Here is the cure for every ache,
The balm to comfort each mistake,
So long as they who understand,
Rejoice to take me by the hand
And gladly welcome me at night,
I still can master every plight.
Here is the greater victory,
Always to have them proud of me.

(Copyright, 1922, Edgar A. Guest)

—oo—

WALT MASON

STRIFE

Some day, I trust, all swords will rust, and armor cease to rattle; all wars are vain and men insane when they resort to battle. The dove of peace should never cease cavorting round above us, and human life should know no strife and those who hate should love us. The wolves and bears come from their lairs and scrap around like blazes, and, hunting foes the bobcat goes along the forest mazes. But I, at least, am not a beast, I claim that I am human; I do not care to rip and tear and fuss with man or woman. I wear a smile that's free from guile, I treat all gents politely, and troubles veer when I come near, I have no scraps unsightly. I herd my cows and seek no rows, and seek no rows come near me; no roar ascends from injured friends, but kindly greetings cheer me. If I packed eats and shot men's hats, to show my independence, I'd be in jail and there I'd wail for medical attendance. Men, friendly now, would punch my brow, and tear my scalp to ribbons, and break my dome with "Fall of Rome" and other works of Gibbons. When nations skip without a chip upon each martial shoulder, war's stream of gore will roll no more, and guns will rust and moulder.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS — A Splendid Idea — BY ALLMAN